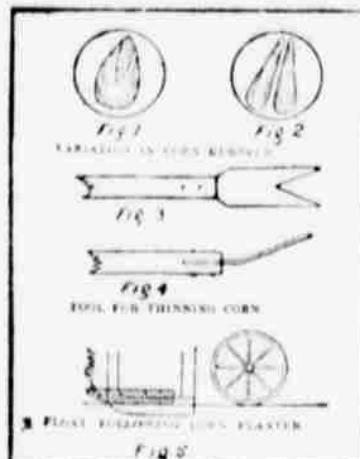


FARM GARDEN

NOTES ON PLANTING CORN.

A Crop That Repays Careful Management and Attention.

A few words about the preparation of the soil, and the securing of good stands of corn by mechanical means, is never amiss, and the points to note for this year can be kept for an other season. If we have a wet field to break we should plow it as early as possible, so as to secure a good mechanical condition of the soil. By plowing early we get the benefits of the late frozen spring rains sun and winds which settle and dry the soil and save us much labor. Heavy rains in May have the same effect and the field on sod land is usually much improved thereby. If we must plow late,



the disk harrow, cultivator, etc., will assist us in making an ideal seed bed for the corn. A good drag levels up the many small inequalities of the surface and makes corn planting much more satisfactory. Where a large acreage is to be planted, replanting and thinning are out of the question, therefore we must plant just the right number of live vigorous plants to each hill or in the drill. To secure this condition the seed corn must be graded before or after shelling, and then the planter adjusted to suit that particular batch of seed. There are some windmills and corn graders on the market that will grade the seed corn very well, but a careful man can sort the ears so that these having grains of similar size or shape may be selected together. This is important for two small grains may be dropped together when a plate is used with holes large enough to pass the larger grains. On the other hand very large grains may cause a few losses. Planers with plates having circular holes will drop large broad grains accurately, but two slender grains may get crowded into the same hole that barely accommodates the single grain. See Figs. 1, 2. However, if we plant but two acres of corn, and can spare the extra time required, planting the corn thickly and thinning out to an even stand will give very satisfactory results. With a tool such as is shown in Figs. 3 & 4, thinning is not a laborious task, and the work may be performed swiftly and easily. Fig. 5 is a top view and Fig. 4 is a side view. This tool should be made of steel about 18 inches wide and be fitted to a handle about four feet long. The inside of the V-shaped edge should be kept sharp.

Depth of planting, I find, is an important factor in securing a good stand of corn, continues the writer in the *Rural New Yorker*. From one half to one inch deep and the soil turned down is about right. If all conditions are not right, some vines may not be covered at all while some may be covered three or four inches deep, and both conditions are fatal to germination. If a single drill be used it should have a small press wheel behind the shoe to regulate the depth of planting, as well as to firm the soil over the seed. Of course most double planters have the wheels following the shoes but owing to varying soil conditions the shoes may run at almost any depth. A year or two ago a neighbor fitted wooden floats to the shoes of his planter and so could exactly regulate the depth of planting. These floats were about one foot long and five inches wide, and, in use followed the surface of the field at all times so that all the even was put in at the same depth. The planter frame must not be locked down but must be left free to follow the surface. (Fig. 5.) I now notice that there is a similar device, but made of iron, upon the market, and judging from my own experience such a contrivance is a valuable addition to any planter. In cloudy ground these floats work all right, the big clouds are either crushed or pushed aside, and the corn is covered with well-pulverized soil. After the corn comes up and you notice a few nubs of the replants, do not re-plant. The surrounding hills have the start of the replants, and beaten in

the race for moisture and fertility, the replants will make but a few weak stalks of fodder. If you do not replant the surrounding stalks will produce larger ears and thus make up for the loss of the missing hills.

POTASH IN CLAY.

Experiment in Indiana in Application of Clay to Swamp Land.

In Indiana some experiments have been made in which reclaimed swamp land was treated with a dressing of clay known to be very rich in potash. It was expected that the potash in the clay would be made available by having it cultivated in. For two years crops were grown on soil so treated and showed practically no results. Land so treated produced about the same as check plots of the same soil on which no clay had been put.

The reclaimed swamp soil was also very rich in organic matter, which in its decay might be supposed to act advantageously on the potash locked up in the clay. To what extent such potash is available is a matter not fully determined.

The above may have some bearing on the practice of plowing over and under a little deeper than usual to get an inch or two of soil in which the potash has not been exhausted. If the clay spread on the reclaimed swamp land did not yield up its potash what may be expected of the potash in the inch or two of soil just below the level on which the plow has been wont to run in worn out lands?

It has been assumed that when the surface soil has been rendered deficient in potash by long cropping, and there was a potash-rich soil just below, plowing a little deeper would make it unnecessary to purchase commercial potash. Has this claim, asks the *Farmer's Review*, been sufficiently established? It is a problem worthy of extended study.

FENCING DRY GULLIES.

How a Barrier Can Be Put Up That Will Not Wash Away.

As the system of grain farming changes to one of general farming including stock, the subject of fencing is naturally a very important one. With the various fencing now manufactured to be used where wood is scarce, or in the timber sections where material for building post and rail fences is plentiful, the matter of constructing suitable fences for turning stock is comparatively simple. In either case, however, there are always gullies to be crossed in which there is running water part of the year but, in the summer they are completely dried up and the stock free to



A Dry Gully Fence.

pass from one field to another through the dry gully. It is pretty hard to run a fence across a small stream as the best heavy rain is liable to carry it away. Here says the Farmer, is a suggestion for overcoming this difficulty. By hanging a frame from two supports placed on either bank of the gully a swinging gate can soon be made that will turn stock. When the gully is dry the gate effectively closes the opening while in times of freshets it swings out with the increasing volume of water. The frame can be spliced together in a very short time, although it may be framed together. If a more elaborate gate is desired, by placing the rails close together near the bottom such a gate can be made to turn any kind of stock.

A WOOD CARRIER.

Rack Which Will Aid One in Carrying a Big Load.

Carrying in wood is a chore that the boys do not like and older folks begin to grudge the time. By making a rack with four legs, as shown in the illustration, enough wood may be carried at one trip to last a day or two. The outside bars may be four or six feet long, the ends rounded for handles. Small stakes hold the wood from rolling off the ends and when loaded it may be conveniently handled by two persons.

Loss in Flooded Fields.

During the recent heavy rains we have noted the large loss of fertility through flooding of fields. In one large field where the water was standing some inches deep, hundreds of piles of manure were to be seen. The water in the field had a slight current which was carrying off the manure from the piles and was also carrying off other fertility washed out of the plowed soil. Lack of proper outlet for the water was the cause of this great waste.



By Orie Read

A love for gambling was born about the time that human nature first opened its eyes. A disposition to steal something was born just a few moments before but a man may gamble and not be a thief. There is such a thing as an honest gambler—that is, a gambler who is willing to give a man a fair chance—to lose his money. The gambler wants your money, and it ain't much trouble for him to accommodate his conscience as to the way he gets it. If he is sharper than you are he compliment himself with the fact that he understands his business, and every man that has a trade likes to know its details better than the other man does.

Thus spoke Lim to a few friends who were gathered about the fire-side in the Jucklin home. The wind was howling and the snow, like shredded sheets, was flying past the windows.

"But you don't believe that all gamblers are theives?" remarked old men Brizantine.

"I said I didn't. But there ain't nothing that will strain a man's honesty more than gamblin' will."

"That's been preached on many a time," Brizantine spoke up. "But I never gambled in my life, and—"

"And you don't know just how far you are honest. Lim broke in.

"I don't know that I understand you."

"Don't think you did," replied Jack Lin. "But I can explain. The man that gambles has more temptations to steal than any other man. When he has lost everything a strong resentment arises against life. It is almost impossible for him to believe that he has been fairly beaten, and if he is broad enough to acknowledge this he then questions fate for her one-sidedness. He wants to know what right she's got to discriminate so against him. It has been said that all men are natural gamblers, and it may be true, for the most of us have had to fight against it."

Unfortunately for man, work was put on him as a curse. The fact is, it enables him but he accepted it as a curse. And when his brother has committed a crime not grave enough to hang him, he says, "I will sentence you to work." In the olden times a man that worked wasn't respected as much as the highwayman. They hanged the robber. It is true, but they respected him more than they did the man that handled the hoe. And the gambler is a sort of social highwayman. I don't say he is a bad fellow. In many instances he persuades himself to believe that his profession is right. He puts up his money, takes chances and if he wins he has come by the money as honestly as if he had dug it in the ground for it—he thinks. And as long as he wins he may be honest. But his principles undergo a change when he begins to lose. Then he can't help feeling that he is giving the other feller too much show. When he has lost all he must have money in order to carry on his business. Suppose he is employed to collect money—suppose he is in a bank. If he refrains from takin' money to gamble with he is honest—desperately honest, you might say. And he may refrain day after day—for years—but some day he may find himself weak.

This weakness may consist of an overconfidence in self—in an overabundance of hope, in a faith that he will win and can pay back. Right there be he gone. Think you are strong enough to stand such a temptation as that. Brother Brizantine.

"I would not use any man's money," Brizantine answered. "I surely have sense enough to know what is my own and knowing what is not my own I have honesty enough not to take it."

"Yes," replied Jucklin, "and what you have said is the answer that nine out of ten men would make—and honest too. But the fact is, you don't know."

"What do you mean to say I don't know whether or not I'm honest?"

"I mean just what I say—you don't know. It is all very well for the untried man to believe himself strong but unless he has been severely tried he does not know."

"Do you know Brother Jackson?"

"Well, I'll tell you just how far I know. Many years ago I was working at a mill that took in a good deal of money. Finally they gave me charge of it. Along about that time a party of us used to meet two or three times a week to play a social game of poker. It got to be so sociable that it kept me broke. I knew that it was largely a game of luck and that the cards would break even after awhile, and that may be true in the long run, but the run is too long. In the course of a thousand years they might have broke even, but as it was, they broke with just enough promise to hold me tied in fascination to the game. I

began to borrow money—and it took all of my wages to pay it back. One night I went over to meet the boys. I didn't have a cent of my own, and I wouldn't have gone if I hadn't thought that some one would lend me enough to get into the game. But everyone hemmed and hawed and spoke of the extreme need for money, of hard times and the like—the ver-men who had week after week got all of my wages. Just then it flashed across me that in my pocket were more than a hundred dollars belongin' to the mill. With this amount as a backin' I felt sure that I could win back some of the money I had lost. It was perfectly plain—I could do it. At some stage of the game I had nearly always been ahead, but wouldn't quit. But why couldn't I quit? The other fellers jumped, and with my money. Why couldn't I do the same? I broke out in a sweat. I strove to bring up arguments against my sitting in the game and couldn't. Luck whispered that it was with me, and it didn't seem possible that I could lose. Never before had I felt so strongly that it was my night. I arose and walked up and down the room. I could hear my blood singin'. I turned and looked at the boys, each one with an expression of eagerness on his face. I felt myself superior to them. I could beat them. There they sat, completely within the power of my skill and my luck. I could win enough to pay back the money that I owed, and with my wages I could buy clothes—and I needed 'em. Suddenly I rushed out of the house, and I ran—ran all the way to the home of the mill owner—snatched his money out of my pocket and gave it to him. I told him what I had gone through with, and he turned pale and took hold of the mantelpiece to steady himself. "My son," said he, "I have been all along there only I didn't run away—until afterward. They caught me and brought me back, and it was only by the grace of human nature that I didn't go to the penitentiary."

In the company there were three young fellows. The old man's recital had moved them. "Did you play again, Uncle Lim?" one of them inquired.

"No, I didn't. And although it may appear narrow in me, but let me say that a playin' card shan't come into my house. In itself a deck of cards is innocent enough, and so is a bottle of liquor if you don't drink it. It is true though, so far as my experience counts, that nearly every gambler begins in a social way, without any thought of becomin' one. Very few of them set out with the aim to make gamblin' their profession. Take houses for instance. Nearly all men like a fine house—like to see him run. They develop a fondness as to the running qualities of a house and finally are willing to back it up with money. Whose business is it? The money belongs to them and was honestly earned. Understand now, I ain't a preachin' a moral sermon for I ain't fitted for that. I just want to talk in a human nature sort of way for the benefit of these boys. Don't hot on anything. That's the safest plan. If there's no fun in goin' to horse races unless you bet, don't go."

"But haven't you bet on roosters?" old Brizantine inquired, looking wise.

"Well, I have seen the feathers fly from the wrong chicken," Lim answered. "And if I have bet, and have seen the evil of it, I am all the fitter to talk to these young chaps. Boys, if you don't want to be on trial all your life, don't bet on anything."

—*Opposite* by Orie Read

Timid Diamonds.

The lapidary was about to cut the tail off a tadpole-shaped yellow diamond.

"The chances are," he said, "that this fellow will turn white from ter or when I split him. If he does, his value will go up 200 per cent."

The lapidary set his steel knife in position, he prepared to strike on the knife's back a momentous blow.

"Wish me luck," he said.

And the hammer fell, the amputated tail dropped into the box underneath, and lo, the yellow diamond that had been split was now quite white.

"The yellow taunt," the cutter explained, "was only in the tail. Yet the taunt was reflected all through the stone, and this made it seem of a uniform yellow throughout. Now the taunt is gone, and our yellow diamond is a pure white one. The miracle happened fairly often."

Native historians of Afghanistan assert that the inhabitants of their country are the lost ten tribes of Israel. According to these chroniclers, the Afghans are descended from Afghana, who was the son of a certain Jeremiah, who was the son of a King Saul. The eastward removal of the seed of Afghana is attributed to Nebuchadnezzar.

I'VE BEEN THINKING

BY CHARLES BATELL LOOMIS.

CHILD—Papa, what is a New Yorker? Papa—My child, a New Yorker is one who lives in New York—who has his residence there. A New Yorker may be a Chinaman from Pell street, or a Polish Jew from Rivington street, or a Syrian from Washington street, or an Italian from the Italian quarter, or a Greek or Jap or Swede or any nationality at all, provided he lives in New York city.

Child—Well, suppose a Russian

lives in Brooklyn.

Papa—He is a New Yorker.

Child—Well, if a Portuguese lived in the Bronx?

Papa—He would be a New Yorker. Of course, my child, in a large sense, all inhabitants of the state of New York are New Yorkers, but generally speaking, by the term New Yorker is meant one who lives in the city of New York, and that is why a Chinaman out on Staten Island is a New Yorker.

Child—Papa, does a man have to be a foreigner in order to live in New York?

Papa—What a question, my child. Of course not. There are many living in New York whose native language is English.

Child—Oh, they were born there?

Papa—Not necessarily. Some were born in Great Britain and Ireland and some in the British possessions, but they all speak English and they live in New York and are New Yorkers.

Child—Well, papa, you have told me about foreigners who were New Yorkers, and about English-speaking people who were New Yorkers and about Americans who were New Yorkers, but I want to know if there couldn't be a more perfect kind of New Yorker than any of these—one who was born in New York and who spoke English?

Papa—Yes, my child, there are thousands born in New York who speak English. They are hard and fast New Yorkers. Their parents were Germans and Italians and Frenchmen and Jews and Greeks, but they were born in New York and they speak English.

Child—Then, papa, they are the real New Yorkers, aren't they?

Papa—Well, I believe that they are considered to be the most patriotic New Yorkers because their New Yorkism is so new, but, my child, in this city of which we are speaking, this city of nearly 4,000,000 inhabitants, there is a little class, without much influence, to be sure, but still self-respecting and respected by others, a mere handful, it is true, but a very intelligent handful.

Child—And who are they, papa?

Papa—They, my child, are the native American New Yorkers, whose parents and grandparents and great-grandparents, to the third and fourth generation, were born and brought up in New York.

Child—And who always spoke English?

Papa—Well, no. They spoke Dutch originally, but they have spoken English longer than the majority of the rest. Those are the real New Yorkers.

Child—I never heard of them. Where do they keep themselves?

Papa—One of them is the president of the United States.

Child—Oh, yes, of course. So he is a Simon-pure New Yorker?

Papa—Well, no, my boy, they do, and they would like to be able to sign in a special colored ink to make it more emphatic.

Child—Well, papa, I suppose that if they could have kept out the foreigners and the English-speaking aliens and the Yankees and the southerners and the westerners, and just left New York for the real born and bred New Yorkers, New York would be even greater than it is?

Papa—No, no, my boy. No city ever gets to the top of the pile unaided. It is because of all those people who have come in to show New York how to misgovern itself that she is the greatest city on the western hemisphere and is destined to be the greatest city that the sun ever shone upon.

Child—And what will become of the real New York New Yorkers?

Papa—They will disappear after a while.

Child—Why, papa?

Papa—Because it is getting to be the fashion to be born in the country.

Child—Oh!